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## TALES.

### THE WOULD-BE-GENTEEL LADY.

BY MRS. CHARLES SEDGWICK.

IN such a country as ours—a country of “workies”—where there exists no privileged class, falsely so called, unless idleness and ennui are privileges, one might suppose that a passion for gentility would be confined to the fashionable circles of the city; that the bees would as soon be found giving preference to fashionable flowers, or aiming at a fashionable style of architecture in their hives, as the busy matrons and maidens of New England, for instance, directing their thoughts, mainly, to genteel modes of living, dressing, and behaving.

Doctor Johnson derives the word *genteel*, from the Latin word *gentilis*: meaning “of the same house, family name, ancestry, etc.” Its meaning has, probably, undergone as many modifications as the word *heretic*, of which the most accurate definition I have ever heard was given by a young boy of twelve: “A heretic is a person that don’t believe as you do.” It is plain he had not obtained this information from books, but from society. In like manner an ungenteel person is, with many, one who does not live, dress, and act, in all respects, as they do. The orthodoxy of one age or country, is the heresy of another; and the gentility of one, is the vulgarity of another.

Thus it is with fashion, the handmaid of gentility who has been well described as a jade that stalks through one country with the cast-off clothes of another; and the modes and forms of gentility are as variable as the wayward humors of those vacant minded people who lead the fashion.

How much more respectable, how much more *American* it would be for us, of this country, to limit the word, in our application of it, to something like its original meaning, and make gentility consist in living and acting conformably to the circumstances of one’s family or station—not in a slavish, ignoble imitation of comparatively a few self-styled favored mortals, whose lot is cast in a different, but not a happier sphere.

There is one indispensable condition of absolute gentility, in the popular sense, which very few in our country can command, viz. an exemption from labor; and a hard condition it is—not for those who lose caste on its account, but for those who by fulfilling it, acquire caste. God made us to be active in mind and body—he gave a spring to uni-

versal being—and standing water is the fit emblem of a stagnant life. But even those to whom this exemption may seem desirable, cannot enjoy it, generally speaking, in our country.

A southern gentleman, describing a New England dinner said, “In the first place, at the head of the table is always a roasted lady.” Now, although a southern dinner may not have so displeasing an accompaniment, we are assured by those who have been behind the scenes in families abounding with slaves, that the mistress herself is the greatest slave of all, since *all* the head-work, and some part of the *handy-work* too, must be done by her; for instance, she must weigh out the food, and cut out the garments of her family servants.

But, notwithstanding this serious obstacle, nowhere, we are assured, is there such a strife for gentility, as in this country, where every other strife most incompatible with that, is perpetually carried on.

It is said to be peculiar to us, that our villages ape, so minutely, the fashions of our cities; that no sooner is a new fashion of dress, or of the sleeve alone of a dress, introduced into the city, than straightway, as by magic, every sleeve in the country, from the shoulder of the squire’s wife to that of her youngest maid, is fashioned precisely after the same model, or, if varied at all, exaggerated for the purpose of being *extremely* fashionable. The stoutest ploughboy in the land will not think of being married, without a silk stocking to his brawny foot. Nor do our female domestics consider their wardrobe quite complete without, at least, one silk gown and one linen-cambric pocket-handkerchief.

And how soon is the infection caught by foreigners who come among us! The sturdy German girl, although she may not immediately reject her national peasants’ costume of stout cotton stripe, and foot-gear adapted to the out-of-door work she has been accustomed to, will be very likely to surmount all with a “tasty” silk hat. All this may be very agreeable as a proof of prosperity; but it must be remembered that prosperity without discretion, is as unprofitable as zeal without knowledge.

We laugh at these demonstrations in our inferiors, without considering that we are guilty of absurdities quite as palpable to those in another rank from ourselves. It is said that ladies of moderate fortune in America, dress far more expensively than those of a corresponding rank in Europe; that

we indulge in many expensive articles of dress which they would not think of wearing.

I once knew a lady with whom the passion for gentility amounted almost to a disease. It seemed in her, an innate propensity, or, at least, it was very difficult to account for it. Born in an obscure country village, not entitled, either by her rank in life, character, education, or circumstances, to take precedence of her compeers, she nevertheless very early began to assume airs of great consequence, on account of superior notions in regard to gentility. Probably, feeling the desire which all have for consequence, and having nothing else to build it upon, she had recourse to extraordinary precision in various points of dress and bearing, in which she vainly imagined gentility chiefly to consist.

Her father was a shop-keeper, or, as we are accustomed to say, a merchant, doing business on a small scale; both her parents were uneducated, ignorant and small-minded people, but simple and unassuming. Her ideas of gentility, therefore, had been principally derived from novels, and from intercourse with some of her companions who had enjoyed a privilege she greatly coveted, but could not be allowed, of a six months’ residence at a city boarding-school.

As a young lady, the great objects of her ambition were a languid, delicate appearance, and a white hand. This strange perversion of the human mind is, I fear, not very unfrequent in young ladies, and is a legitimate consequence of subscription to a creed which virtually says, “I believe that those only are entitled to the highest place in society, who have nothing to do.” Health is the vulgar privilege of the working-man. But what a total absence of all *real* claims to interest and admiration is implied in a young lady’s relying for them, mainly, upon a sickly look! Who would exchange roses, pinks, and lilies, with all their beauty and fragrance, for the pale and scentless ghost-flower?

My heroine, in order to effect this favorite object, had recourse to means which I should not like to specify, but which are only too familiar, I fear, to many of her sex—until her health became so seriously impaired that she was, all her life, a sufferer in consequence.

Her mother, as mothers are apt to be, was exceedingly indulgent to her, and although herself obliged to strain every nerve in order to bring up comfortably and respectably a large family, upon very limited means, seldom obliged her to put her

shoulder to the burden. If it did sometimes happen that she was inevitably called upon to do other than some of the "light work" of the family, a flood of tears washed out the disgraceful stain.—She had, therefore, the privilege of preserving her hands white, while her mother's wore the vulgar aspect and complexion of hard drudgery. And yet this abominable selfishness was not the "original sin" of her nature; it was the result of her mind being diseased on the subject of gentility.

But it was not until her marriage, when she became Mrs. William Rutherford, and attained to the dignity of a housekeeper and matron, that her passion was fully developed. This was one of those marriages brought about, as many are said to be, "by juxta-position." William Rutherford, the son of a farmer, a plain, sensible, energetic young man, who had, very honorably to himself, made his own way in the world, studied in a lawyer's office overlooking a garden in which our heroine often strayed.

The sight of a pretty girl walking among the flowers, was an agreeable variety to one whose vision rested many hours in the day upon the grave-looking, monotonous pages of a law-book.—He sometimes joined her, and she gave him flowers, for which, without any reference to its being genteel or ungenteel to like them, she had a genuine admiration; and a jar that stood upon his study table was daily supplied from her hand.—She was rather pretty, excessively neat in her appearance, and seemed always amiable.

The most energetic person in the world is not insensible to the necessity, or at least the *agreeability* of excitement, and by degrees the plain, simple, natural, sensible William Rutherford was led on until he plighted heart and hand to this very *pretensionary* and foolish young woman. O the rashness of young men, and young women, too, in these momentous matters!

Mrs. Rutherford had too much of the instinct of a New England woman not to make a good housekeeper. She had profited by the lessons received from her notable mother, albeit an unwilling and truant pupil. She was excessively nice in her habits, and would have her house in order even at the cruel sacrifice of vulgar personal exertions; but these were kept secret as possible from neighbors and visitors.

An unfortunate visit which she made, the first year of her marriage, to a cousin who had married a wealthy merchant in New-York, greatly enlarged her ideas on the subject of gentility. She had previously set her heart upon a watch, as one of the ensignia, (now forsooth that very convenient article is very commonly laid aside because it is vulgar to wear it!) but now she had in addition constantly before her eyes, in distant perspective, a Brussels carpet, hair sofa, mahogany chairs, and silver forks. These, though constituting a small part of her cousin's splendor, were almost unknown articles in the village where she lived, and, therefore, would be sufficient to distinguish her.

Although her husband was a thriving lawyer, and had his fair proportion of the business done in the country, yet his income was moderate; and having amassed no property previous to his marriage, it was necessary that in all his arrangements, he should have reference to economy. Great pains were, therefore necessary on the part of Mrs.

Rutherford to secure these objects of her ambition. Never did a politician keep more steadily in view what are supposed to be the politician's aim, office and power—never did the military hero keep his eye more steadfastly fixed upon the wreaths of victory with which he hoped to grace his brow, than Mrs. Rutherford upon her hair sofa, Brussels carpet, mahogany chairs, and silver forks. For these she lived, and for these she would have done any thing—but die. There is, alas! no fashionable furniture for the grave; it has no privilege save that of rest to the weary. The folly of "garnering up one's heart" in the cunning but perishable works of man's device, in outward show, is very striking when exhibited on so small a scale; magnificence covers up the folly to many eyes.

Objects pursued with such steady determination are almost sure to be gained in time. Mrs. Rutherford practised great economy with reference to their attainment, and although her husband had a far juster sense of the right use of property, and had no taste for making more show than his neighbors—what will not a quiet, peace-loving man do, that he can do, to tranquilize the restless, unsatisfied spirit of his wife?

Poor Rutherford was a much enduring man. If during the sitting of the court, (for he lived in the county town,) he invited some brother lawyers to dine with him, there being but an hour's adjournment, and the dinner failed to appear seasonably, no earthly consideration would have induced his wife to leave the room and inquire into the reason of the delay—and still less to do what she might toward preventing its further continuance: because it would be ungenteel for the lady of the house not to be sitting in state with her guests—and horribly vulgar to be supposed conversant with the mysteries of the kitchen.

When the dinner arrived at last, if her only servant, who officiated in the double capacity of cook and waiter, were obliged to leave the room, not a plate must be passed until she returned to do the thing according to rule. No consideration of urgent haste—of comfort or convenience—was to be weighed for a moment with that of having her table *genteelly* served.

But, notwithstanding her extreme anxiety to do the honors of her house, in what she supposed the most approved manner, she was utterly incapable of performing the most important, dignified, and graceful part of the duty of a hostess—that of contributing to the intellectual entertainment of her guests. In fact, she was deplorably ignorant.—To give a single example: The conversation falling one day upon old English poetry, a gentleman said to her, "I believe, Mrs. Rutherford, that Pope is not so great a favorite with the ladies as formerly." "I don't know, indeed, sir," she replied; "was he a novelist? Scott is the favorite novelist now, I believe."

It was indispensable to her system to have always the air of being waited upon. If the fire were down ever so low, she would prefer waiting any length of time, until her servant of all-work could answer the bell, rather than help herself to a stick of wood, although close at hand. A friend knocking for admission, might almost go away without getting it, if there were no one but the lady of the house to open the door. Even a journey, recommended by her physician, for her only child, who had suffered much from teething, was

not to be thought of, because the additional expense of a nurse could not be afforded: and it was so vulgar to travel with a young child without a nurse! And yet she was not an unfeeling mother—she would do anything for her child that was not vulgar. Nights of weary watching, and days of laborious nursing, she submitted to with true maternal devotion. Even in his very wardrobe, her husband's comfort was abridged, in conformity with her notions of what gentility required, inasmuch as at no season would he be allowed a cotton shirt, which in the winter he greatly preferred.

I said that by degrees Mrs. Rutherford attained all her objects. I beg her pardon—the silver forks were still wanting to her complete happiness.—Against these her husband took his stand with the determination of a desperate man. He said they were very proper for those to use who were born with silver spoons in their mouths—very proper for those who could afford them; but for a young man in his circumstances, the introduction of such an article into his establishment would be perfectly preposterous—that silver forks would be a poor inheritance to his daughter, provided he left her nothing to eat with them. It was so very unusual for her husband to oppose her, that Mrs. Rutherford knew his opposition and was not impulsive—not lightly resolved upon; and she yielded to it submissively.

The child was of course included in the mother's plans of gentility. She was not suffered to attend school for fear she should contract vulgarity from her schoolmates. Great pains were bestowed upon her dress; and as what is deficient in money must be made up in time, there was a most lavish expenditure of what is still more valuable than money. Then she was prevented, as far as possible, from doing any thing for herself.

This last point, however, was difficult of accomplishment. Little Caroline herself was an extremely smart, active, capable child; and such a one, who feels the energy stirring within her, cannot well be prevented, in such a very unartificial state of things as exists in a village family, from exerting it.

It is not often that a child derives benefit from her mother's absurdities; but Caroline Rutherford was an exception. The very opposition she met with, confirmed all her natural tendencies to rationality; and, in consequence of her being excluded from the schools, her father took great pains with her education, while her mother paid a degree of attention to her manners; which, though it could not render her formal, (no training could have produced that result in her case,) had the effect to make her considerate and attentive.—She grew up, therefore, a very pleasing, lovely girl.

When she was about the age of fourteen, a very exciting event occurred in their quiet village. A gentleman of fortune, who had determined to remove into the country, attracted by its healthy and picturesque location, selected it for his future residence, and purchased a place very near the dwelling of Mr. Rutherford.

This circumstance was rejoiced in by no one so much as by Mrs. Rutherford; and would have gone far toward compensating her for the want of silver forks, except that it made her feel the need of them so much the more; because, "how could

she invite Mr. and Mrs. Garrison to dine without them?"

She lost no time in calling upon her new neighbors, choosing for that purpose the latest hour compatible with the country dining hour. She had previously arrayed herself in the manner she deemed most befitting the occasion; that is, most calculated to recommend her to Mrs. Garrison as a person of undoubted gentility, viz: with a dress of Gros de Berlin, a French cape, silk stockings, etc. etc.

To her surprise, she found Mrs. Garrison in a simple gingham morning dress, superintending the nailing down of a carpet; for her house was not yet in order. She received Mrs. Rutherford, however, in a very easy manner, conducted her to an adjoining apartment; and thus, after the usual preliminaries, was the turn given by the latter to the conversation.

"I quite pity you, Mrs. Garrison, for having chosen a residence in the country."

"Pity me, indeed! I thought all people who lived in the country were fond of it. Is it not so with you?"

"O yes! I am very fond of flowers, and I think the country more healthy than town; but then we have such trouble with our servants. Such a thing as a man-cook is quite out of the question. I often tell my husband that there would be some sense, and some pleasure in having one's friends to dine with you, if one could have a man-cook."

"A man-cook, indeed!" replied Mrs. Garrison. "I did not know that such an appendage was ever thought of in the country. It is far from being common in town; and for myself, I have never employed one. If I can get good women I shall be entirely satisfied."

"Well, ma'am, you cannot be sure even of that and then, if your servants happen to leave you, it is so difficult to supply their places. Really, Mrs. Garrison, to be left as we are exposed to be occasionally, almost without any help at all, is a calamity almost too great to be borne. House-work is so odious, so disagreeable, I almost loathe myself when I am obliged to take hold of it."

This last expression led Mrs. Garrison to suspect that she had been quite accustomed "to take hold" notwithstanding.

"But your country ladies, in spite of these difficulties, have more leisure than we in town. You are not obliged to keep one servant to answer the bell, and to spend the best part of the day yourself in receiving visits from a set of idlers, as formidable to those who really value their time, as the unproductive consumer to the political economist."

Here Mrs. Rutherford found herself at fault.—She looked quite puzzled for a moment, and then replied—"But you do not give refreshments to your morning visitors, Mrs. Garrison? That I am told, is quite out of fashion."

"And then, too," continued Mrs. Garrison, not appearing to notice this question, "we necessarily have a very large circle of acquaintance for many of whom we care very little; whereas, you in the country can limit yourselves as much as you please; and society is, with you, on altogether a more free, unceremonious, and friendly footing."

"But then," replied Mrs. Rutherford, "country

people are, most of them, so vulgar. They know nothing of the forms of society."

"So much the better. In large circles of society they are unnecessary, but burdensome; and I expect to enjoy, very much, a more simple, unshackled state of existence. \* \* \* I had the pleasure of seeing your daughter, I believe, this morning; a charming looking girl."

"My daughter! O Mrs. Garrison, I am very sorry indeed. She is a wild girl; and her father would indulge her to-day in a strawberry frolic, so she was dressed accordingly. I am sure she was not fit to be seen."

"I cannot say how that may be, for my attention was so occupied by her bright eyes, rosy cheeks, and laughing smile, that I did not notice her dress at all. But the most proper dress is always that most befitting the occasion; and she looks to me like a girl of too good sense not to have regard to the fitness of things at all times."

"Dress is another great trouble in the country, Mrs. Garrison. There is never a good dress-maker to be had. You may have your dress cut, to be sure, after a fashionable pattern; but then it will not have at all the air of a city-made dress."

"But I thought, Mrs. Rutherford, that exemption from much trouble of dress was another of your country privileges. In town, the tailor and dressmaker are the most important personages, to be sure; since it is not man as God made him, or as he has made himself, but as the tailor makes him, that is chiefly respected by a very large class—and so with woman; but in the country, people are valued for their intrinsic merits—their minds, and their hearts. This is their privilege and distinction."

"But I think, Mrs. Garrison, that no woman appears well who is not well dressed."

"If you mean, by being well dressed, dressed with neatness and propriety, I agree with you; but city finery, habitually worn, would seem to me as much out of place on the person of a country lady, as artificial flowers in her bosom."

Mrs. Rutherford took her leave, wondering to find Mrs. Garrison, a lady in every sense of the word, so full of what she considered very odd notions; and did not fail, at dinner, to communicate to her husband the impression she had received.

"I am thankful," he replied, "that she is a woman of some sense. I beg your pardon, wife, but really your head is completely turned upon the subject of furniture, dress, etc.; and if Mrs. Garrison will set it right, she will do the greatest piece of service in the world that could be rendered to a poor fellow like me."

"Why, Mr. Rutherford, I flattered myself you were quite proud of your wife. I am sure it is as much on your account as my own, that I wish to hold my proper place in society."

"Your proper place! Yes, I wish to heaven that would content you; but you do make capital pies, wife, I confess," he said, as he tasted a delicious tart. Mrs. Rutherford was more gratified by his commendation, than she would have been had she understood its full import.

Meanwhile Mrs. Garrison, in relating to her husband the events of the morning, said: "We talked, you know, of adapting ourselves to the

tastes, manners, and habits of the country; but here is a village lady whose head is as full of fashions, modes, and rules of etiquette, as the finest town-lady's of them all. How should it happen?"

"An empty-headed woman I'll be bound," replied Mr. Garrison.

"Well, as to that I cannot tell. She certainly gave no great signs of intellectual cultivation, and that is the case with most of our fine ladies in town; but one would suppose that in the country, if a woman did not love books, she might busy herself in her domestic occupations, with bees, birds, flowers, etc. without being driven to dress and fashion as a refuge from the ennui of a vacant mind."

"What a strange race we are," rejoined her husband, "to make it our boast that we are rational beings. I think, if those to whom man is said to be only a little lower look down upon this busy scene, the pursuits of the greater part of men and women too, must seem just about as important as the children's sport of blowing soap-bubbles seems to us. One thing I have to congratulate myself upon—the principal lawyer in the village, Mr. Rutherford, is a very clever, sensible, respectable man."

"He must be this very lady's husband."

"Poor fellow! I am sorry for him then."

When Caroline Rutherford returned from her strawberry expedition, which had been very successful, she begged to be allowed to carry some of her strawberries to Mrs. Garrison, who by her sweet voice and pleasing address had made a most agreeable impression upon her in their short interview in the morning.

Mrs. Rutherford was quite shocked at the suggestion. "Why, my dear child, your dress, shabby enough at best, is all in disorder. Your hair is out of curl, and you are red and heated. Besides, it is much more proper to send Sally with them.—Get me a piece of note paper, and I will write a note."

"O, mother, do let me have my own way for this once."

Her father nodded in a manner which expressed "go, my child," and she was off in the twinkling of an eye.

"O dear me! Mr. Rutherford, Caroline is so wild, so rustic, I am afraid Mrs. Garrison will be quite disgusted with her."

"Never fear, my dear. I will pit my wild flower against the finest green-house plant of them all;" and well he might be proud of his wild flower.

In spite of Caroline's being "such a rustic," Mrs. Garrison took a great fancy to her from the beginning, and she soon became a favorite with the whole family. The oldest daughter, Fanny, was two years younger than Caroline, and two of the sons were older. The mother was not long in discovering that Caroline would be a most useful associate to her children in their lessons; and she invited her to join her little family school. Her industry, energy, and quickness were a constant stimulus to her fellow-pupils. Mrs. Garrison taught her music and drawing, which almost made Mrs. Rutherford forget the one calamity of her life—the doing without silver forks.

Notwithstanding her great delight when Mr. Rutherford ordered a piano for his daughter, she

could not refrain from hinting that she thought him rather inconsistent in incurring such an expense, after what had passed on the subject of the forks.

"No, wife," said he, "I do not admit this at all. The forks, in our case, would be for mere show; but the piano will be a source of constant daily enjoyment. The pleasure of a song from Caroline, accompanied by her instrument, is to me worth all the pomp and magnificence of a palace; 'tis 'a sacred and home-felt delight.' Then, think how she enjoys it! Besides, all these things add to the resources from which she would not fail to derive her support, if left penniless to-morrow."

That Mr. Rutherford might feel no scruples of delicacy in regard to receiving all these favors for his daughter, Mrs. Garrison employed her to assist in teaching the younger children.

Caroline often excited her mother's astonishment by her reports of what was going on, from time to time, at Mrs. Garrison's. One day they had all employed the recess in assisting Mrs. Garrison, in country phrase, "to clean up her yard;" which, in this instance, amounted only to gathering from the lawn the dry leaves, bits of sticks, etc. which had been carelessly left behind by the person who had been sent to perform that duty.—At another time Caroline had the sole charge of the school in the morning, because Mrs. Garrison, reduced to extremities by some disarrangement of her domestic establishment, had been engaged in washing windows! and performing divers other services of a similar nature; but "I can tell you, mother," she added, "that she looks just as much like a lady when she is washing windows, as when she is sitting at her drawing-board." Occasionally when the waiter had been ill or absent, one of the children had tended table in her stead; and once, when one of the servants was laid up with a rheumatic limb, her mistress would bathe it herself, several times in the day, in order to be sure that it was properly done. But the greatest wonder of all was, that a young sister of Mrs. Garrison came to visit her, bringing an infant without a nurse to take care of it; and not only that, but dragged it about the streets of the village in a little wicker wagon, while mother and child were both so pretty as to attract every body's attention.

At the expiration of two years after their first arrival in the village, Mr. and Mrs. Garrison determined to obtain the assistance of a private tutor in the education of their children. They were fortunate in finding a young man, a Mr. Cleaveland, of accomplished education and pleasing manners, who knew how to make his pupils like not only their books but their teacher too. He was in the condition of many young men in our country, whose education constitutes their only fortune.—He was destined for the pulpit, and had yet to acquire his profession in part.

Fanny Garrison, accustomed hitherto only to her mother's teaching, could not be reconciled to the idea of being taught by a strange gentleman, unless Caroline would become a fellow-pupil.—Nearly two years passed away, during which Caroline made rapid progress in various branches of education—outstripping even the older boys in some of those studies which, until recently, have been almost universally regarded as inappropriate to women.

Mrs. Rutherford had already begun to speculate upon Caroline's chances in the matrimonial lottery. She had no doubt that such a girl, with a fine countenance, engaging manners, highly educated, and full of vivacity, would, in time, make "a genteel match." Now and then a vague fear that young Cleaveland might aspire to the hand of her daughter, crossed her mind; but did not impress itself, because it was "impossible that a girl so genteelly bred and educated, should think of marrying a poor young minister, and almost equally so, that a poor young minister should think of aspiring to her."

She settled it in her own mind, that if Caroline should have altogether a suitable offer in the course of a few years, it was not to be rejected; but otherwise, there could not be a doubt that Frank Garrison's present youthful fondness for her might be cultivated into a permanent sentiment. The country maid and her milk-pail will remain through all time the faithful and most fitting personification of a castle-builder.

Mrs. Rutherford could not forbear communicating to her husband some of her thoughts upon the subject which occupied her so much, and declaring, in unequivocal terms, her unwillingness to Caroline's making only a "common match," on the ground of her being a fit wife for a man of fortune, and qualified to grace a genteel establishment.

"Now, I will tell you what, wife," replied her husband, "you do not know what is best for yourself or her either. Caroline is just the girl for a good, honest fellow, who has got to make his own way in the world; such a man wants just such a helper, or help-meet, as the Bible has it. It would be a pity to have her good sense, and fine spirits, and energy, and education thrown away where they ain't wanted, or rather where they won't be all called into requisition and turned to the greatest possible account. He who gets his living by hard work, whether of the head or the hands, wants a wife who will order well his house and educate his children—who will strengthen him in weakness—encourage him in despondency—confirm him when irresolute—soothe him when irritated—comfort and bless him perpetually with her sympathy, and look bright, beautiful, and refreshing to him when the day's toil is over. Now a rich man's wife need not do any thing; his wealth can command the aid of hands enough and heads enough, without hers. Then his pleasures are very apt to be in a great many other things besides his wife; and a woman who knows how to dress smart, and receive his company genteely, as you say, will do very well for him. But to a poor man his wife and children are his all-in-all of pleasure; and to make the happiness of a man who has every thing good in himself, but to whom the gifts of fortune have been denied, ought to be sufficient to satisfy any woman."

Of course Mrs. Rutherford rejected such heretical doctrines altogether, though she had no hope of converting him who professed them.

Meanwhile the simple, happy Caroline mused not of love; she was too happy—too much occupied—too well satisfied with the present, to think of the future. Life, with her, was perpetual sunshine. She was very fond of her father—had a kind and dutiful feeling toward her mother—loved the Garrisons dearly—was exceedingly interested

in her studies—and liked Mr. Cleaveland very much. She liked him because she found his assistance very valuable to her in her studies—because he was not only exceedingly devoted, in his office as teacher, to all his pupils, but made them very happy—because he manifested, in all situations, great delicacy of feeling and the kindest consideration for others, showing that he felt deeply and tenderly the bonds of human brotherhood—because he had an agreeable talent at conversation—because he loved the water-falls, fields, rivers, and groves as well as she did, and, when school was over, liked nothing better than to ramble and sport in true country fashion—and lastly, she liked him, as I suppose, because he liked her; for a reason akin to this, enters, more or less, I believe, into the rationale of all the partialities of man for his brother man.

Mrs. Garrison felt some responsibility in regard to bringing so lovely a girl as Caroline Rutherford, into constant association with a marriageable young man of no small attractions. But she knew him thoroughly—was certain that he was worthy of confidence, and, besides, was herself constantly with the whole groupe, both in school and in the hours of recreation.

How could Charles Cleaveland but fall in love? Not at first sight—not because it had seemed to him a very probable thing that he should; but because there was no earthly reason why he should not—because there was every thing to please his fancy, gratify his affections, and approve itself to his reason, in the young creature with whom he was daily associated in interesting pursuits and delightful recreations. In school she was that paragon of perfection to a teacher, a diligent docile and apt pupil; by the stream, a naiad; in the groves, a wood-nymph; in the garden and the meadow, the ideal of a bird or a butterfly. How could she but come, in time, to haunt his imagination and make her home in his heart, in one and all the bewitching forms of love's metempsychosis?

His interest had been for some time deeply excited, before she became aware of the state of his mind or her own. But the truth gradually dawned upon her when, time after time as she raised her head, she found him intently gazing upon her; when she perceived unwonted abstraction, on his part, in the hours of her recitations; when she found herself, by some strange magic or other, meeting him at every turn, as if he knew all her out goings and in-comings; when his visits at her father's hitherto, on account of her mother's forbidding manners few and far between, became more and more frequent; and as she sat at the piano, where he always liked to place her, she could feel the intensity of his gaze until it produced a burning in her own cheek.

Then she, too, began to muse of him. He was the subject of her day-dreams and night-dreams; his image forever in her mind; sleep did not displace it. It was there when she closed her eyes to sleep, and there to greet her at the first moment of her waking. The animated Caroline became pensive; the social Caroline began to affect solitary walks and lonely sittings in her chamber. She gazed upon the moon, or she listened to the murmuring brook or the whispering grove; and the gay and joyous feeling with which she had been accustomed to mingle herself with the harmonies

of nature, gave way to one of sacred tenderness, as they seemed to her spirit to give forth a deeper tone.

Still her natural equanimity came in aid of her maidenly reserve to conceal from her lover the true state of her heart, and he felt by no means certain that his love was requited. But neither was he hopeless; and knowing that it would be difficult for him to carry himself toward her as he ought during the three months that still remained of his engagement with Mrs. Garrison without having an explanation with Caroline, which it would be improper for him to seek while he stood in his present relation to her, he determined to ask it as a favor of Mrs. Garrison that she would release him, which he did, of course, without assigning his principal motive.

The morning after this arrangement was made, Mrs. Garrison entered the school-room just as Caroline was finishing a recitation, and said, "Now, children, do your best to leave an agreeable impression upon the mind of Mr. Cleaveland, who is going to resign the charge of you in two weeks."

Poor Caroline turned deadly pale, and the paleness was instantly succeeded by a deep blush.—She took up her book and returned instantly to her seat, hoping she had been unobserved; but she was mistaken. Such a revelation is rarely lost upon a lover; and, in this instance, did not escape the observation of Mrs. Garrison.

At any other time, Mr. Cleaveland would have been gratified by the lively and most unaffected demonstrations of regret with which the announcement of his speedy departure had been received by the whole group of children. But now, one deep joy swallowed up all the rest; and his utter inability to reply to them would have been extremely embarrassing, had not Mrs. Garrison kindly and considerately relieved him by a request that he would look into a new school-book which she had just received.

His only trouble in life now, was the interminable duration of two weeks. That period of time overpast, he would declare his love, and then devote himself to his profession with the intent to hasten, as much as possible, the time when he might claim his bride. Meanwhile, Caroline had no resource but to put on, as far as possible, the appearance of being more than ever absorbed in her studies.

Mrs. Rutherford had not been unobservant of the signs of the times in regard either to Caroline or Cleaveland, and felt extremely uneasy and anxious. Her husband, on the contrary, she knew would like nothing better than just such a match for his daughter; and therefore she determined, in the present emergency, to keep her own counsels and act for herself.

During this last memorable fortnight, Cleaveland almost entirely suspended his visits to the Rutherfords, and his intercourse with Caroline, except as her teacher; because he found it almost impossible to carry himself toward her as circumstances required.

On the last day Caroline, although she had got up with a violent headache, would not remain at home for fear of exciting suspicion or remark; but her illness was so apparent, that Mrs. Garrison had insisted upon her leaving the school.

Cleaveland had not seemed nearly as much oc-

cupied with herself, as usual, ever since his departure had been determined upon. She was in no state to solve the problem of this change by an argumentative process, and she began to think she had deceived herself—that she had been merely an agreeable and exciting circumstance in the present scene of his residence—no longer valued when he was so soon to exchange it for another.—When she went home, therefore, she threw herself upon her bed, and burst into a flood of tears.

Meanwhile her lover with difficulty possessed his soul, until the hour of emancipation came, and he felt at liberty to throw himself at her feet. He then went in pursuit of her, in the sweet hope that by a few magic words—the lover's sesame—he should unlock her carefully guarded heart, and find its wealth all his own. No one was at home but Mrs. Rutherford.

"Where is Miss Caroline?"

"She has gone to walk—"

"Gone?—which way?"

There was something in his manner which revealed, or, at least, led Mrs. Rutherford to suspect the nature of his errand. She believed that the crisis had come, and that now, if ever, was the moment for interference.

To his questions she only replied, evidently somewhat embarrassed, "Mr. Cleaveland, I want to speak a word with you."

He was already on his way out, and turned most reluctantly.

"Walk into the parlor a moment, Mr. Cleaveland. I don't know how Mr. Rutherford feels about this business, but I think that, as a mother, I have a better right than any one else to decide about it."

Cleaveland, at first, would not guess to what she referred; and, perceiving that he did not understand her, she continued: "I know it is a very delicate matter for me to take it for granted that you would like to marry Caroline. If I am mistaken, there is no harm done, and you will excuse me; if I am not mistaken, it would be too late, after you young people had settled the matter between you, for me to express my decided disapprobation of it, and therefore I do it now. I appeal to you, Mr. Cleaveland, as a mother, whose soul is bound up in her child, to give up all thoughts of a connection which would fall very far short of my hopes and wishes for my daughter."

For a moment, poor Cleaveland sat like one stupified. Then, without any parting salutation to Mrs. Rutherford, without even a single word in reply to her strange harangue, he hastily left the house. He retreated to his own room; but experienced there a stifling sensation, which he thought to relieve by going into the open air; and pursuing his way to a favorite haunt, he met Caroline just emerging from the little grove he was about to enter.

Not daring to trust himself with her a moment, and unable to command his voice, he hastily passed her with hardly the seeming of a recognition. Her headache had left her much exhausted, and a dizzy faintness now came over her, so that it was with great difficulty that she reached her home, although not very far distant.

Meanwhile her lover was in a most piteous state of agitation and perplexity. Was he obliged in honor to heed the matrimonial veto? Believing

that Caroline was attached to him, was it right to keep her in ignorance of his love? Her father, too, had given him the most undoubted proofs of his esteem; and so far from showing any jealousy or suspicion of him, had always acquiesced entirely in all those arrangements which had brought them together so much, might he not refer the matter to him? But to appeal to the husband against his wife—to the daughter against her mother—this would be neither manly nor delicate, perhaps not honorable; he was not quite sure. To fly, then, was his only refuge.

He wrote a note to Mrs. Garrison, complaining of illness, saying that he had been induced, by unexpected circumstances, to leave town, contrary to his first intentions, on the following day; but that on the whole, he preferred not taking leave of them personally, as the parting would, on his part, be a very painful one. He thanked her, in glowing terms, for all her kindness, adding that he never expected to be so happy again as under her roof.

Mrs. Garrison was surprised by this last expression; surprised by his hasty departure, and by his omitting to make his adieus in person; and had a vague idea of some mystery in the matter, which she hoped time might solve. He went off at two o'clock in the morning.

Mrs. Rutherford took especial care to conceal the fact of his having called to see her, from Caroline, who forbore to make any inquiries; and Mr. Rutherford being out of town, no investigation was made upon the subject.

Poor Caroline! her brightness was, for the present, all obscured. Her headache returned violently, and she was really ill for some days; but even after she had no longer an excuse for playing the invalid, her spirits did not return; she had sleepless nights and languid days, and her very soul seemed to have died away within her.

Her father was excessively distressed. At first he tried to rouse her spirits by a little railery.—"You remind me," said he, "of a fine peach-tree which I came near losing last spring. It was in full life and beauty, just as you were, but suddenly a blight came over it which threatened its destruction. I dug around the root and found one little worm there—that removed, the tree flourished again."

Poor Caroline made no reply, but burst into tears and retreated to her room.

"There is a canker-worm at the root, you may depend upon it, wife; and it appears to me that you might detect it."

Mrs. Rutherford looked as if she were a little disturbed at the idea of any investigation.

"If you do know, wife," said he, "and don't choose to reveal what you know, the responsibility rests with you, and her blood be upon your head. Tell me, now, what is your idea upon the subject; has not Caroline been unhappy ever since young Cleaveland went away?"

"Did you ever think that they were in love?"

"I thought he was."

"And yet he went off without broaching the matter at all. If it is all on her part, the thing must be submitted to; and yet it seems to me he could hardly help falling in love with her."

"No, indeed!" said Mrs. Rutherford, gathering courage to do now what she had half resolved to do before, "he did fall in love with her."

"Then why did he not tell her so?"

"Because I forbade him."

"Did he apply to you on the subject?"

"No. I applied to him."

"Then how could you be certain that he had any design of offering himself to her?"

"You would not have had any doubt of it had you seen him as I did; and besides, he would have denied it if it had not been so."

"O wife! what *was* your inducement? He is not *genteel* enough for you, I suppose. Confound your genteel notions," he continued, as, losing control of himself, he became exceeding exasperated; "I would give all the gentility you ever had, or ever can have, for a few grains of sense or common maternal feeling. I knew you would give up health, and comfort, and good neighborhood, and your own soul, if necessary, for gentility; but I thought your child was dearer to you than your own soul."

"Why, Mr. Rutherford, I do really think you are very unkind," said the lady, bursting into tears.

"How the devil," he continued, without heeding her emotion, "did you ever come to marry such an ungenteel fellow as I am, and thus establish a precedent for your daughter to follow? Go and comfort her, and say to her, 'My dear, console yourself that I have saved you from the disgrace consequent upon such a connection as I had the misfortune to form.' Tell her never to mind losing the chance of being made happy by a capital fellow whom she loves, and who loves her, because by-and-by, if she live long enough, she may possibly marry a money-purse, ride in a carriage, tread on Brussels carpets, and have a plenty of mirrors and glasses to see herself in, and couches to recline upon, and silver forks to eat with—who knows? Tell her it is all a mistake to suppose that happiness has anything to do with the mind or the heart; that it is all a thing of the eyes. Tell her its foundations are laid up in brick and mortar, and its superstructure is comprised of all the costly materials that can be gathered together from the four corners of the earth. Go now, quick, wife, call her down stairs, and bid her look at your best parlor—your better half—and tell her you expect she will have a whole suit of such apartments, only a great deal finer. Say to her, 'Look at it, Caroline; gaze on it, my child, and forget the image of him who, though God's noblest work, cannot afford to manufacture happiness for you out of cabinet-ware and upholsterers' stuffs.' Go, wife, and be eloquent."

Having thus *exploded*, he left the house.

Poor Mrs. Rutherford had never heard her husband indulge in such a vein before. She was kind and attentive to his comfort, and his disposition led him to make the most, both to her and to himself, of whatever in her was good and commendable. She did not suspect, therefore, that there ever lurked in his bosom a feeling of contempt. It was a wretched day for the whole family.

In the evening, after Caroline bade good-night the subject was renewed. Mr. Rutherford had thought much and deeply upon it. Had Cleaveland avowed his love, he might go to him at once, and tell him that his wife repented the step she had taken—but now, what was to be done? he could not tell.

Matters went on thus for about three months,

during which Mrs. Garrison shared in the solicitude which Caroline's parents felt on her account—although, in seeing her droop, she could only guess at the cause. She corresponded with Mr. Cleaveland, but he never mentioned Caroline—and she could only venture upon what might seem an accidental reference to her, and allusion to her poor health and spirits. At the end of three months she received from him the following letter:—

MY DEAR MRS. GARRISON—Your very great kindness, and your most generous sympathy so constantly manifested towards me, induces me to lay before you a matter that very nearly concerns me, for the purpose of obtaining your advice in circumstances of great delicacy and perplexity.

I think it could not have altogether escaped your observation, that, as would probably have befallen most other young men in like circumstances, I lost my heart to your fair young friend, my pupil. Nor was I a despairing lover—may my presumption be pardoned, in believing that I occasionally discovered through the veil of her most delicate and maidenly reserve, a certain tremulousness of feeling which that veil could not entirely disguise—an occasional agitation of manner on her part, from which I derived the flattering conclusion that it was sometimes given to me to touch "the electric chain with which she's darkly bound."

But I waited until one relation with her should be at an end before attempting to establish another; and just as I was on the point of declaring myself, her mother, suspecting my intention, interfered to prevent its fulfilment—saying, as nearly as I can remember, that such an union would fall far below her wishes and hopes for her daughter.

I do indeed feel that I am not worthy of such a treasure as Caroline Rutherford. But I suppose it would be doing Mrs. Rutherford no injustice to believe that my most striking deficiency in her eyes, would be made up at once, were I to come into possession of a fortune.

I am very wretched—and it is possible that I am not alone in my wretchedness. It does not seem fitting that the destiny of two human beings capable of acting and choosing for themselves, should be controlled by idiosyncrasies of a third person.—It does not seem fitting that if we are capable of loving and making each other happy, we should be separated by such a paltry wall of partition. I have a strong impression, too, that Mr. Rutherford would favor my suit. And yet, what can I do? How am I to break the fetters that Mrs. R. has thrown around me? Give me your counsel, I pray you, and add one more to the many obligations which you have already heaped upon

Your very grateful and affectionate friend,

CHARLES CLEAVELAND.

Mrs. Garrison was not long in deciding what to do. Her great kindness to Caroline, and the services which she had rendered her, entitled her to act in whatever concerned her welfare. Having provided herself with a store of arguments to overcome all objections, and set the matter in its true light, she determined to appeal directly to Mrs. Rutherford herself. To her surprise and joy, she found her most thankful to avail herself of the opportunity to retract her injunction. Her home once so pleasant, had become so cheerless, and her husband so estranged—to say nothing of Caroline—that in the exigencies of the present, she forgot all her visions for the future.

Of course Mrs. Garrison lost no time in communicating the result to her friend; and Mrs. Rutherford was no less eager to inform her husband of what had happened.

"Well, now," said he, "Caroline shall know of this at once. She must have it explained to her sooner or later—why Cleaveland went off in so strange a manner; better hear it from me than from her lover; it will be awkward for him to tell it; and besides, she has suffered enough already; and now, when better things are in store for her, the sooner she enters into the enjoyment of them the better. \* \* \* \* Before Caroline slept that night, there was, for her, balm, and a physician—and her sorrows were all healed.

The next week the lovers met without explanation—save the tears of Caroline, and the trembling lips and hand of Charles. They met, as if they had parted acknowledged lovers and been since that time, cut off from each other by some sore calamity. From their dark hour broke forth a rosy dawn which in time was kindled to perfect day. The bloom soon gathered again on Caroline's cheek, and her eye was once more soul-lit.

Charles was not long in obtaining a respectable settlement. Caroline was henceforth permitted to manage her own affairs; to make her outfit such as became a country clergyman's wife, with every provision for comfort and none for display; and to have a perfectly unostentatious wedding, without a supper—without even champagne.

She lived to realize her father's beau-ideal of a woman's happiness—to be the "all-in-all of pleasure" to a man in every way worthy of her.

## MISCELLANY.

### LAW.

THE following character, or rather sentence of condemnation was pronounced upon it, by one well acquainted with his subject—the lecturer over the remains of the late Jeremy Bentham. In answer to the question, what is this boasted English law, which, as we have been told for ages, renders us the envy and admiration of surrounding nations, he replies, "The *substantive* part of it, whether as written in books or expounded by judges is a chaos, fathomless and boundless; the huge and monstrous mass being made up of fiction, tautology, technicality, circuitry, irregularity, and inconsistency; the *administrative* part of it, a system of exquisitely contrived chicanery; a system made up of abuses; a system which constantly places the interest of the judicial minister in opposition to his duty; so places his interest in opposition to his duty, that in the very proportion in which it serves his ends, it defeats the ends of justice; a system of self-authorized and unpunishable depredation; a system which encourages mendacity, both by reward and punishment; a system which puts fresh arms into the hands of the injurer, to annoy and distress the injured; in a word, a system which maximises delay, sale, and denial of justice. And yet, what an outcry was raised by the disinterested reverers of our time-hallowed institutions, when Lord Brougham attempted to sweep some of the filth from the mere margin of this sink of iniquity. His reforms were too rough, forsooth.—They would have him cleanse the Augean stable with a white cambric handkerchief.

Most lawsuits are a juggle, whose sole object seems to be the plunder of both plaintiff and defendant by the prolongation of their quarrel.—“Strange,” says Old Fuller in his “Worthies,” “that reason continuing always the same, law, grounded thereon, should be capable of so great alteration.” It is *not* grounded upon reason, but upon the artifices of pettifoggers, and therefore its perversions and metamorphoses are infinite. *In Republica corruptissima plurimæ leges.* When Justinian compiled his Institutes, the writings on the civil law alone amounted to many camel loads. *Ours* may be reckoned by ship loads, and the money annually expended upon law and lawyers, (not upon justice) may be counted by millions.—Such is the magnitude and vitality of this hundred headed Hydra, that we may well doubt the power of Lord Brougham to crush it, even though he dip his arrows in the monster’s gall. Hereules as he is, he will find it difficult to outlaw the lawyers.

## FLATTERY.

THE *hocus-pocus* nonsense with which our ears are sometimes cajoled, in order that we may be more effectually bamboozled and deceived. Unbounded is the respect and politeness with which the practised adulator throws dust in your eyes, when he wants to pick your pocket, or to make a fool of you. A man’s flattery, to be really good, ought not only to be as keen as his sword, but as polished. By no means is it so easy a weapon to wield as many people imagine: it is like a flail, which if not adroitly used, will box your own ears, instead of tickling those of the corn. Let it be taken for granted, that while many women will accept a compliment to their beauty at the expense of their understanding, very few will relish a compliment to their talents if it derogate from their personal charms. Lady G——, whose ten lustres have somewhat dimmed the lustre of her attractions, consented in a Parisian party to assist in getting up an extemporaneous *Proverbe*, and to appear as Calypso. In answer to the compliments she received at the conclusion, she declared that she had done her best, but added, that to represent Calypso properly, one should be young and handsome. “Not at all,” said an old General, wishing to be very polite, “your ladyship is a proof to the contrary; nothing could look better from the further end of the Saloon, and nothing could be better acted: as to youth and beauty, the distance supplies all that.” “In that case, General! I wonder that you do not always keep at a distance,” was the retort.

## FREETHINKER.

THIS word, by a strange abuse of terms, has come to be synonymous with a libertine, and a contemner of religion, whereas the best security, both for morality and piety, is a perfect freedom of thought. If it be a reproach to be a freethinker, it must be a merit to think like a slave; and mental bondage, always more degrading than that of the body, must be more honorable than the liberty of both! The right of examining when we ought to believe, is the foundation of Protestantism, and to deny it, is to revert to the Popish claim of infallibility. We may as well suppose a man can reason without thinking at all, as reason without thinking freely; and it has been maintained, even by digni-

taries of the Church, that a verbal, uninquiring assent even to a truth, is less meritorious than the conscientious error which is the result of patient investigation. If thought is to be restricted, or excluded altogether from the consideration of the most important of all subjects, it necessarily follows, that idiots, and irrational beings, are as competent to decide upon them as the most enlightened philosophers; a *reductio ad absurdum*, which we commend to the attention of the mind-chainers.—Those are the real freethinkers, using the word in its most invidious sense, who imagine that the unshackled exercise of man’s noblest and most distinguishing attribute, can ever lead to any other results than a still more deep, and more soul-felt conviction of the greatness, goodness, and glory of its divine Giver.

## PROVERBS.

It is dear-bought honey that is licked off a thorn.  
A knotty piece of timber requires a smooth wedge.  
The man who does not look before, will generally be found behind.

The higher an ape climbs, the more he shows his tail.

Good blood makes an ill pudding without a little suet.

There is very little for the rake after the shovel.  
A man whose eyes require couching, is not a proper person to set up as an oculist.

“Many things happen between the cup and the lip.”

A GOOD-HEARTED Dutchman who dwelt in Albany in the time of one of the early governors, and who professed to cure all cases of hydrophobia, paid a visit to “his excellency,” and being treated to all the hospitalities of the house, was highly pleased with him; and, slapping the governor familiarly on the back, he exclaimed, “Goferner, you ish one clefer fellow; and I hopes you will be pit mit a mat tog, ant I will cure you for nothng!”

A FEW days ago, in a fit of abstraction, Jem picked up a sixpenny piece, while pergrinating the side-walk in Wall-street. A friend, who was with him, observed that Jem had “picked up money on the walk.” “You are mistaken.” “Why, I am sure I saw you do it,” persisted the inquirer.—“No,” rejoined Jem, gravely—“I stopped in the first place, and picked it up on the stoop.”

“How,” said a Judge in Missouri, to a witness on the stand; “how do you know the plaintiff was intoxicated on the evening referred to.” “Because I saw him a few minutes after the muss, trying to pull off his trowsers with a boot jack!” Verdict for defendant.

A BASHFUL young gent walking with a lady, the latter wishing to commence a conversation remarked—“Pleasant evening, this evening—quiet a moon.” “Yes,” said her attendant, catching his breath, “yes *very*, quite!”

A LADY in Chester was asked to join a Division of the Daughters of Temperance. “It is unnecessary; as it is my intention to join one of the Sons soon.”

## The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1849.

## TO OUR PATRONS.

THE Repository will be printed as usual the next year if an opportunity does not occur to dispose of it to advantage before the next Volume commences. The publisher will sell the Subscription of the Repository for Five Hundred Dollars, otherwise continued it as formerly—he holding himself responsible, in case of sale, for all moneys received by him.

## NOTICE TO AGENTS, &amp;c.

THE present Post Office Law, will probably prevent our sending a Large Prospectus as heretofore, in consequence of the extra expense; but the matter contained in one, and all the necessary information concerning Clubs, etc. can be ascertained from the one on our last page. We respectfully solicit all our subscribers to endeavor to get up a Club in their vicinity for the next Volume.

## Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

Lyons, N. Y. \$1.00; W. W. Brooklyn, N. Y. \$1.00; A. H. M. East Lexington, N. Y. \$1.00; J. T. Allen Hill, N. Y. \$4.00; N. N. Lee, Mass. \$5.00.

## MARRIAGES.

In this city, on the 19th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Gosman, John Kyle, to Mary Valentine Botts, of New-York.

On the 13th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Tuttle, Mr. T. E. Beckman, to Anna W. daughter of G. F. Everson.

At Claverack, on the 21st ult. by the Rev. Jacob C. Dewey, Mr. William M. Pultz, to Miss Julia Ann Cookingham, of Claverack.

At Canaan, on the 22d ult. by the Rev. J. J. Scarrit, Mr. John T. Hopper to Miss Caroline E. Smith.

## DEATHS.

In this city, on the 16th ult. Mr. Seabury S. Crissey, son of John Crissey, aged 24 years.

On the 19th ult. Mrs. Lydia, wife of Caleb Carpenter, aged 57 years and 5 months.

On the 14th of July, Lucy J. daughter of Joseph and Mary Bush, aged 3 years and 11 months.

On the 19th ult. Beulah infant daughter of Theodore and Alice E. Miller.

On the 28th ult. Miss Caroline D. youngest daughter of L. P. and C. M. Holley, of this city, aged 18 years.

Dear Caroline, they tell me thou art gone—

That we no more shall see thy graceful form.

Has one so lovely passed from earth away?

Why not be left to cheer our darksome way?

Alas! that cheerful face we ne’er shall see—

That artless smile so sweet, so heavenly;

Indeed, methinks disease ne’er swept away,

Nor marked a lovelier being with decay.

All lov’d her well that listened to her voice,

Which often made the saddened heart rejoice;

She was a creature far too pure for earth—

She’s gone—we left to mourn departed worth.

Mourner! ah why ’mid scenes like this repine?

Why wish to murmur at kind Heaven’s design?

Could’st thou but see her wing her joyous way

Thro’ realms of bliss, thou would’st not bid her stay.

Oh, grieve not; she’s happier now by far;

No trouble there—no cares her bliss to mar.

Let’s bid our wounded hearts be still—be dumb,

And look beyond the grave—beyond the tomb.

We’ll strive to meet her when our cares are o’er,

Trusting, thro’ Christ, to gain that peaceful shore;

Around us all his radiant glory’ll shine,

And fadeless flowers ’round friendship’s urn entwine.

Then weep not, as we give her back to earth,

Where all must go, however prized their worth.

She’ll chant sweet lays for thee in realms above,

And wait thee there to cheer thee with her love.

E. J. B.

At Chatham 4 Corners, on the 13th ult. Catharine, F. daughter of Wm. C. and Charlotte E. Marshall aged 10 months and 15 days.

Sweet Babe thou art fled, ere guilt had power

To stain thy cherub soul and form;

Closed is the soft Ephemeral flower,

That never felt a storm.

The Sun-beam’s smile, the Zephyr’s breath—

All that it knew, from Birth to Death.

At Hamburg, near Buffalo, on the 19th inst. at the residence of his son, Charles Gardiner, Gayer Gardiner, Esq. in the 72 year of his age.

In New-York, on the 21st of July, Rachel, wife of John Byron, formerly of Hudson. Also on the 26th ult. Charlotte daughter of John and Rachel Byron, aged 1 year and 6 months.

At Brockport, on the 8th Joshua Fellows, Esq. aged 47 years. He was formerly from Col. Co. N. Y.

At Claverack, on the 15th ult. Charles Everts, in the 81st year of his age.

At Brooklyn, on the 15th ult. Robert C. Folger, in the 58th year of his age.



## Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

## HATE.

LET others weave a song of Love,  
Of glory, or of fate;  
Mine be a theme of different note,  
The blissful joys of Hate.

The sweetest drop in human cup,  
Distilled for Earth's palate;  
Is rank, insipid; when compared  
With true enduring Hate.

Pandora's box no treasure hid,  
Within its spacious grate;  
Of half such value, as the gift,  
The precious gift of Hate.

When wrongs and ills fall thick and fast  
On our defenceless pate;  
And fortune joins the hellish league,  
How blissful then to Hate.

When those we've loved, and served in truth,  
Our kindness compensates  
With base ingratitude, O, then!  
What rapture, 'tis to Hate.

When poverty comes in our doors,  
And friends commiserate;  
Yet proffer no assistance, then  
'Tis joy supreme, to Hate.

When plighted faith become estranged,  
And pledges violate;  
And eyes that beamed with love, look cold,  
What transport then, to Hate.

Ye Gods, to whomsoever you will,  
Give pomp and lofty state;  
But O, deny me not the bliss,  
The ecstasy of Hate.

E.

For the Rural Repository.

## THE ROSE, AND THE STAR.

BY H. S. BALL.

WITHIN a quiet home, it grew,  
That gentle floweret fair;  
A fragrance sweet around it threw,  
And grew in beauty rare.

That plant was nursed with tender care—  
And to fond eyes, the rose,  
Shielded from each rude breath of air,  
Did all its charms disclose.

A warning voice, "nought earthly lasts"  
Was heard, in mournful tone;  
Earth's best and purest, soonest pass—  
I looked—the rose was gone.

Then gazing upward to the light,  
The starlight, ever gleaming;  
I saw through the dark shades of night,  
Another star was beaming.

A cloud obscured its softened light,  
And hid its cheering ray;  
So, to my narrow, earth dimmed sight,  
It seemed to pass away.

Then o'er me crept a feeling lone,  
As dark clouds hid that star,  
When a mild voice, in cheering tone,  
Said—"still it shineth there."

*Earth's shadow only intervenes,  
Between me, and that star serene.  
Dear reader, con this lesson well  
And lay it up in memory's cell.  
Norfolk, August 12, 1849.*

From Godley's Lady's Book.

## THE CHILD AND THE ANGELS.

BY M. A. F.

A BABY lay on its mother's knee,  
Sleeping so soft and peacefully,  
That the mother hushed her lullaby,  
And bent o'er the babe with a loving eye;  
And as she gazed, so sweetly it smiled,  
She knew some angel was whispering her child

But soon it awoke with a cry of pain,  
And stretched out its little arms in vain;  
For e'en her love could not stay disease,  
Or give to the little sufferer ease.  
But she knelt to God, in agony of grief,  
And wildly besought Him to grant relief.

"Oh! Father in heaven, spare my child!"  
And her cry was strong, and her accents wild:  
"I cannot live, if the babe of my love  
Is torn from my bosom; my sweet, nestling dove,  
Oh! Father of mercy, have pity, and save  
My baby and me from the dark, cold grave."

The Father heard, from his dwelling-place bright,  
And sent down an angel on pinions of light;  
And his pitying glance was so soft and so mild,  
That its dim eyes brightened, and sweetly it smiled;  
And it lay once more on its blest mother's knee,  
And slumbered again all peacefully.

And years passed on; and the sinless child,  
O'er whose slumbers the angels of God had smiled,  
Had cast from his brow the brightness of truth,  
The seal of his innocence, the joy of his youth;  
And wild was his course of folly and sin,  
And his heart showed no trace where an angel had been.

And the mother, whose prayer would not be denied,  
Now in secret oft wept, and in penitence sighed:  
"Oh! why, when the angels first whispered my boy,  
Of the heavenly world and its blessed employ,  
Did the love of his mother, so strong and so wild,  
Withhold from their throng the pure soul of my child?"

Oh! when a fair babe, on whose soul is no stain,  
Is recalled to the arms of its Father again,  
To dwell in His presence, so holy and bright,  
Here a floweret of earth, there an angel of light,  
They who most loved it, should feel 'twas but given  
To gladden awhile, then guide them to Heaven.

## LEARN TO WAIT.

'Tis said that life is short and vain—  
'Tis long enough one truth to gain  
A truth as clear, as daylight plain—  
*Learn to wait.*

Would'st thou on high behold thy name,  
Enroll'd upon the list of fame,  
And all thy actions ranked the same,  
*Learn to wait.*

Not idly wait, but action take,  
And all thy soul courageous make—  
If not for thee, for other's sake,  
*Learn to wait.*

Make every moment richly bear  
A record clear of actions fair,  
Of all that's done, and all thou'lt dare,  
*Learn to wait.*

Make waiting, watching; and thou'lt find  
A better heart, a better mind,  
To all, sincere, to all more kind;  
*Learn to wait.*

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